

Feeding and Caring For the Baby During the Hot Summer Months

The matter of clothing and food for very small babies during the summer months is a problem to many young mothers.

Babies should not have to suffer from the heat when the temperature suddenly rises just because they always wear woollen vests and woollen sweaters and woollen blankets and the mother is too timid and inexperienced to take them off.

They should be dressed according to daily and nightly temperature, not according to the time of year.

This does not mean that a sudden reduction of all their woollens should be made at one time, but certainly careful shedding could be done and the baby's amount of perspiration noticed, and clothing taken off or put on accordingly.

During the hot weather, a bath morning and night is desirable. If the day is very hot, a cool sponge in the middle of the day will help to keep the baby comfortable and sweet. Feedings should, of course, be given with regularity. The baby's weight

may not increase during the summer, and he may want a smaller amount at his feedings, but as long as he remains well and cheerful this need not be a cause for worry.

Babies become thirstier during hot weather just as adults do, and will take considerably more water than usual. Unsweetened boiled water, cooled, should be kept on hand for them at all times.

On hot days the baby should be kept in a shady spot and not be exposed to the sun excepting in the early morning and late afternoon.

On mild days, of course, he should have all the sunshine he can comfortably stand. Because sunshine has life and health giving qualities that cannot be had from any other source.

Protect Baby From Flies
Insects carry disease germs as well as being a nuisance. The baby himself and his food should always be protected against flies, mosquitoes and other insects. His room should be screened, and when out-of-doors his carriage or crib should be covered with netting.

China Saves Ancient Walls As Protection for Cities

Peking.—The Chinese government has decided to maintain the ancient walls around its cities. The movement to destroy all walls, started two years ago, has been abruptly checked.

The Ministry of War and the Executive Yuan at Nanking, according to official information here, have instructed municipal authorities to maintain their walls and see that they are kept in repair.

Two years ago ardent young Nationalists contended that city walls interfered with progress and should be torn down. In several cities local Kuomintang branches started to destroy walls.

But military experts, studying the matter, decided that city walls still serve strategic purposes and should remain. They protect residents from bandits, and in case of war are effective barriers to an invading army.

At Tsunanfu, Shantung, and a few other cities, the tops of city walls are being used for highways. It is possible that other cities will follow this example. Walls are often wide enough to accommodate automobiles two or three abreast, and with little work can be made first-class thoroughfares.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Fur-



3086

nished With Every Pattern

A graceful becoming dress for all-day occasions of fashionable coin dotted crepe silk.

The beruffled collar and sleeves express the chic vogue of femininity. They add such a pretty softened touch essentially dainty and smart for summer. Button trim gives it a sportive air.

The tiny bolero is so youthful. A dress such as this is smart for town, for bridge, for tea and later will be just the thing for vacation.

Style No. 3086 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

It is also attractive carried out in plaided gingham, shantung, linen, thin woollens and pastel flat washable crepe silk.

Size 16 requires 2½ yards 39-inch, with 1½ yards 39-inch contrasting.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Library Issues First Editions
Simla, India.—Simla Public Library should delight the heart of the true book lover, writes a correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor, for here is surely one of the few public libraries that issues first editions of remarkably rare books to its readers in the ordinary course of events.

A first edition of Thomas Hardy's "Far From the Maddening Crowd," although it has suffered the ignominy of being rebound, its value being thereby lessened, is on the open shelves of the library, available to any reader. Other novelists, appearing in the two and three-volume format which characterized novel production in the Victorian era, are also represented, and a general glimpse reveals many a book of value. The volumes bear witness to an Indian experience, now past, when the first readers of these works doubtless viewed with particular interest the volumes which came from England "in the '70s," when British existence in India was more leisurely than today.

"An ideal is the great thing in life," says a writer. A square deal is usually better.

2,000,000 Hike in England

London.—Hikers in England now number more than 2,000,000, according to a recent estimate by J. E. Walsh, editor of "The Hiker and Camper." The steady increase in the number of hikers is seen by Walsh as a revolt against modern industrial conditions, the workers fleeing to the country during the week-end to escape the noise of the city. The popularity of hiking, it is said, also has brought a better understanding between the villager and the city worker.

The Gardener

Summers, she worked among her flower beds.

It always seemed to me The lilies higher held their fragrant heads.

The roses bloomed in deeper pinks and reds.

From her sweet ministry. The silken poppies flamed anew each day.

As if they tried to show Their gratitude and silent thanks that way—

And, by such gracious blooming, to repay

This friend who loved them so. Transplanted now to greener fields than ours,

She hides 'neath fairer skies, Spending, I know, the happy, endless hours

Among the asphodels and fadeless flowers.

Gardening in Paradise! —Mazie V. Caruthers, in the New York Times.

Foreign Legion Gets

Pick of Men Today

Marseilles, France.—The French Foreign Legion has been a beneficiary of the economic slump.

Not only have recruits been so numerous that the officers were able to pick and choose at will, but the standard has been the highest ever known.

Though the legion asks no questions which might embarrass the volunteer, it is believed that Germans, who once were most numerous in the ranks of the first two companies, have now been replaced by Anglo-Saxons.

The Son of the House

To my delight, I had found that I was the only guest of a small hotel, which stood on the shore of a Balearic Island in a storied sea. The summer was past, the autumn was come; the proprietor and his sister were relaxing their efforts at making many Spaniards happy. Excellent hosts as they were, they must now have concern that the "Americana" should be "contento" while she remained as their guest.

On the morning of an especially golden day, as I had breakfast on the terrace, I looked out from time to time to find the line of turquoise sea shining bright; or held my breath at sight of a small fishing boat tacking her way through a boisterous channel in this outer sea.

Then, early as it was, the proprietor appeared to say "Buenos dias" with such buoyancy of tone and lightness of step that I imagined exciting events must be near; for although he could not explain in my language, there is an easy translation to be made by smiling eyes and poised geyety.

So it was that I noted the arrival of large hampers of food, especially of chickens, being brought in by smiling women. At lunch time, there were two waiters in the pantry instead of one, and a quiet stir pervaded the place. During the afternoon there were gay arrivals of relatives, making agreeable conversation in the lounge. One large senior spoke in the bass voice of the proprietor, who was a little man and used a low, grave tone.

Though I knew that there was an occasion imminent, I did not guess its significance. But, fortunately, I dressed for dinner, with special care, ap-

propriately perhaps, in a Spanish lace frock and high-heeled slippers. Coming down the stairway into the lounge, I found the family assembled, ceremoniously quiet, indulging only in low murmurs of talk.

In his midst I saw a tall, slender man, young, handsome, dark, obviously Spanish, standing by the proprietor, who bent his head well back to look into the youth's smiling eyes.

As they came toward me, such pride illumined the face of the older man that, before the ceremony of presentation was complete, I had comprehended that I saw before me the son of the house. His well-fitting tan uniform explained him as a Spanish soldier, returned from his year's training.

As he responded to the greeting of the Americana in excellent English, the admiration of the circle of relatives knew no bounds. Then, as I went along the gaily lighted dining room to my seat in the corner, I passed the flower-decked family table, the white-jacketed waiters standing by, entranced by the glory of their young master. I pulled out my own chair, quite unaided by the usually hovering waiter.

There was such affection in the atmosphere that, though apart from the group, I felt one with them. Catching the intonation, I rejoiced too as the son told some gay tale of soldiering, which was received with gusto. His father would glance from uncles to aunts, then back to the raconteur, eating his chicken on rice all the while with hearty appreciation.

This picture of one potential Spanish soldier is as vivid to me as are the beauty of his home land, and the circle of friends which made his homecoming memorable.—M. E. B., in "The Christian Science Monitor."

5 Million in Greater Paris By New Census Figures

Paris.—The metropolitan region of Paris has nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants. Within the former fortifications there are 2,871,039 residents, and outside the fortifications there are 2,016,425, according to preliminary census figures. Greater Paris has increased by 600,000 during the last five years. Within the fortifications, however, there has been little increase.

New office buildings in the centre have changed the character of the business quarter, where privately occupied apartments on the upper floors are rapidly disappearing.

The rush to the suburbs will be checked, it is expected, by the large numbers of new apartment houses within the fortifications. Housing experts are beginning to fear a renewed crowding of the city proper and propose the centralization of specialized industries.

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Old-fashioned Uncle (who has been looking through theatre guide in an attempt to find a suitable play for his country niece to see): "Well, my dear, I'm afraid it's a choice of two evils. Noice: 'How lovely! Let's see one tonight, the other to-morrow night.'"



"That fellow in the next room has called more men out on strike than any man in the city."
"Is he a labor leader?"
"No, he's a baseball umpire."



Home Chats

By MARIE ANN BEST



We are part of a purposeful universe.—Amaranthé.

THE OLD FOLKS.
An old couple lived in a quaint simple little cottage on a quiet street alone. They had raised a fine Christian family who had all flown from the parental nest, and among them was one son now who had become wealthy, and he wanted to do something nice for his old parents back home.

It was decided to surprise them by building a modern home big enough for two, and it was to be a model of comfort. "Mother likes to do her own work, and Pa likes to tinker around, and we can't stop them," said the children. "But we'll make the work as easy as we can for them since they will not come to live with us."

All the children planned the house. What one did not think of, the others did, and the day came when it was all finished. Even the big wise old cat was brought over to make it look homey for the old couple before the big secret was disclosed.

"Why, mother, you will hardly need to do a thing with all these wonderful electric brownies to do your work," exclaimed one of the children.

In amazement the old couple looked at everything: the electric dish-washer, the washing machine, the oil furnace, the iron, the vacuum cleaner. It was all indeed very marvellous. Even puss padded around on an interested tour of inspection.

The family stayed to supper and washed the dishes miraculously in the new dish-washer. "You will only need to wash them once a day to make it worth while, Mother. Doesn't it work beautifully?" said the girls delightfully.

The oil furnace and the electric washer in the cellar and other appliances were carefully explained and tried, and soon mother and father were settled proudly in their new home, the gift of their son.

They were alone again; mother waited till after the evening meal to wash all the dishes of the accumulation. "I like to do them after each meal, but I guess it's alright," she thought.

Carefully she put in the dishes and when all was ready, turned on the water. "Surely something must be wrong to make such a noise," she said excitedly, for immediately there was a clatter and swishing very different from the night before when the girls were there. Hastily turning off the water she opened the lid. There lay all the dishes, nearly every one broken.

"Oh, Pa, what have I done!" she cried.

Pa ran out and made a hasty examination.

"Well, now, look here, doesn't this go somewhere?"

And on the table was the rack she had forgotten to put in. With a sigh of regret the broken pieces were laid together, but they were gone past repair.

In the morning the washing was waiting to be done. This time Pa came too to get it started right. It was opened up and each part scrutinized. Puss, too, was even very interested. The wringer was fine, everything alright. But this time they were going to be sure and try it first for no repeats of last night's destruction were desired. Then the lid was pressed down and carefully the power turned on.

"That's going alright, I think," said Pa, but soon a peculiar yowling sound came from the inside of the tub as the motor hummed.

"What's that noise?" They both listened, puzzled. "And it's getting worse." Then suddenly Pa said, "That don't sound like no machinery to me. Where's Samantha?"

Unaccustomed to the switch they as quickly as possible turned off the power and opened the lid. Yes, it was the cat. She jumped out, swayed back and forth, groggy from the experience, then, coming to life, she looked at them reproachfully and suddenly

disappeared up the steps and out the back door.

The oil furnace, too, seemed to roar extra loud when the door was opened n.w since they were alone, its belching flame boisterous and sinister. "It'll burn the house down, turn it off, Pa."

That night the daughters ran over to see how things were progressing. "Wouldn't it be great to live in a house like that? It's the best thing John ever did. But when they came in and looked around all was still in the house with the vacant stillness of absence. "Wherever could they be?" they anxiously wondered. "Perhaps they just went for a walk and will soon be back."

It wasn't long before they saw the note tacked on the cupboard, and opening it quickly they read: "You'll find us back in our old cottage. I guess we are too old for all these new fangled ideas."

"Well, of all things. Why even the cat isn't here. Whatever could have happened?" Hurrying over to the cottage they laughed heartily when they saw father sitting in his old cracked rocker on the vine-covered veranda musingly smoking his old clay pipe while mother was in her big, bright, convenient but honey kitchen carefully washing the remaining dishes in the good old-fashioned way.

CHICKS AND OTHER LITTLE FURRY FRIENDS.
No.-30.

"At last we've found the kittens and aren't they beautiful, Mamma," said Billy, just so glad he didn't know what to do. He gently stroked their little backs as they nestled in Mamma Lady's lap.

"Yes, they are worth all the trouble we had getting them," said Mamma Lady, as she fondled their extra thick fur, because they were Persian kittens. "I guess we'll take them downstairs and put them in their box now and we'll put the box where Rover can't get at it. Perhaps Fluffy won't mind them."

Gathering them carefully in her apron, Mamma Lady carried them downstairs. "Now open the door, dear, and let Fluffy up to see we have her kittens." Billy opened the door and Fluffy walked in. First thing she saw were her kittens on Mamma Lady's lap. Do you think she minded? No, she didn't care a bit. So that wasn't why she hid them. I even believe she was glad they found, for her head wasn't very soft up there under the floor on the hard ceiling, was it?

All at once something rushed over, jumped on Mamma Lady's lap and actually grabbed a kitty and was off before anybody could say "Jack Robinson." They were all so surprised. And you can't imagine who it was, I know you can't. Well, it was Topsy, the barn cat.

You see she was in the house because she had no kitties. Perhaps you remember about her kitties and how the kitty left for her was run over by a car. And Mamma Lady let her in sometimes because she was so lonely. Well, when she heard those little baby kitties meowing she jumped down—remember that?—as quickly as anything, just said "meow" once, and grabbed one in her mouth and was out of the door and over to the barn. She looked so funny with the kitten in her mouth when she walked along so proudly, as she held it up so it wouldn't touch the ground.

Do you know which one she took? Well, it was Bobby Burns, and he held up his little legs so cute so they wouldn't drag on the ground, and he didn't say a word. Did you ever see a Mamma Kitty carry her baby? If you didn't you've missed something. Anyway, Mamma Lady smiled and said, "Let her have it. Good old Topsy, she'll be satisfied now."

Members of various rambling clubs in London, England, number some 200,000.

"Trader Horn"

Montreal Daily Star: It is seldom that a man gives his name to a book. The case of Trader Horn, whose death was reported from England recently, was probably unique. A wanderer and an adventurer all his days, he would probably never have come before the notice of the public but for the perspicacity of a South African novelist, who was struck by his appearance and conversation and who persuaded him to write down his experiences which she in turn edited. The result was a book so amazing in variety, in color and in type of adventure on the West Coast and interior which it depicted, that even experienced critics said it must be a work of imagination.

But Trader Horn was able to verify a great deal of his detail, though he had to rely upon rumor for corroboration of his tale about the beautiful white goddess, which many people thought he had "borrowed" from Rider Haggard. He certainly entertained a large section of the reading public for two or three years, and many of his earlier critics came round to believe that he was, after all, largely what he represented himself to be. Eminent British authors like Galsworthy had implicit faith in him. His life perhaps exemplifies more strikingly than that of any other author of our time the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction.

French to Eat

Canadian Horses

A shipment of 256 Canadian horses destined for the horse-meat trade in France was landed recently at Le Havre by the freight department of the Canadian National Railways. This is the first of a series of weekly shipments to be made this summer. Apart from its cheapness, the advantage of horse meat is its freedom from the danger of tuberculosis, it is declared, and for this reason it is used extensively in several continental hospitals. The Canadian horses in this first shipment are nearly all from the ranges of Alberta.

Lord Willingdon in India

Stephen Gwynn in the Fortnightly Review (London): It is said of the new Viceroy that he is "color-blind"—a great qualification for his formidable task. If he can make Indians feel that he is without that sense of innate and "a priori" superiority which most Englishmen feel when dealing with races of a different pigmentation, he may conceivably induce Hindu and Moslem to find in him the necessary arbiter of their differences. This is much to hope, but not impossible—as it would have been with Lord Curzon, for instance, in the same place, who would never have got away from the feeling that he had a right to impose his views, not because it was impartial, but because it came from above.

Price of World's Bread

Varies 174 Cents a Loaf

London.—Bread prices throughout the world on January 1, 1931, ranged from 6.6 cents a 2.2-pound loaf in Yugoslavia to 24 cents in Belgium, a survey shows.

Next to Belgium, Sweden paid the highest price for bread, 20.8 cents a loaf. The price in the United States was listed as 18.7 cents and in Canada at 14.4 cents.

In only three of the eighteen countries included in the survey, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Spain, were the prices cheaper than in Great Britain, where the 2.2 pound-loaf was listed at 8 cents.

Wheat Acreage of Russia, Increases 10.3 Per Cent.

The sown area in the United States of Soviet Russia totals 250,000,000 acres, a gain of 10.3 per cent. over the area sown on June 20 of last year, according to a cablegram received by the Amtorg Trading Corporation yesterday from the Commissariat of Agriculture of the Soviet Union.

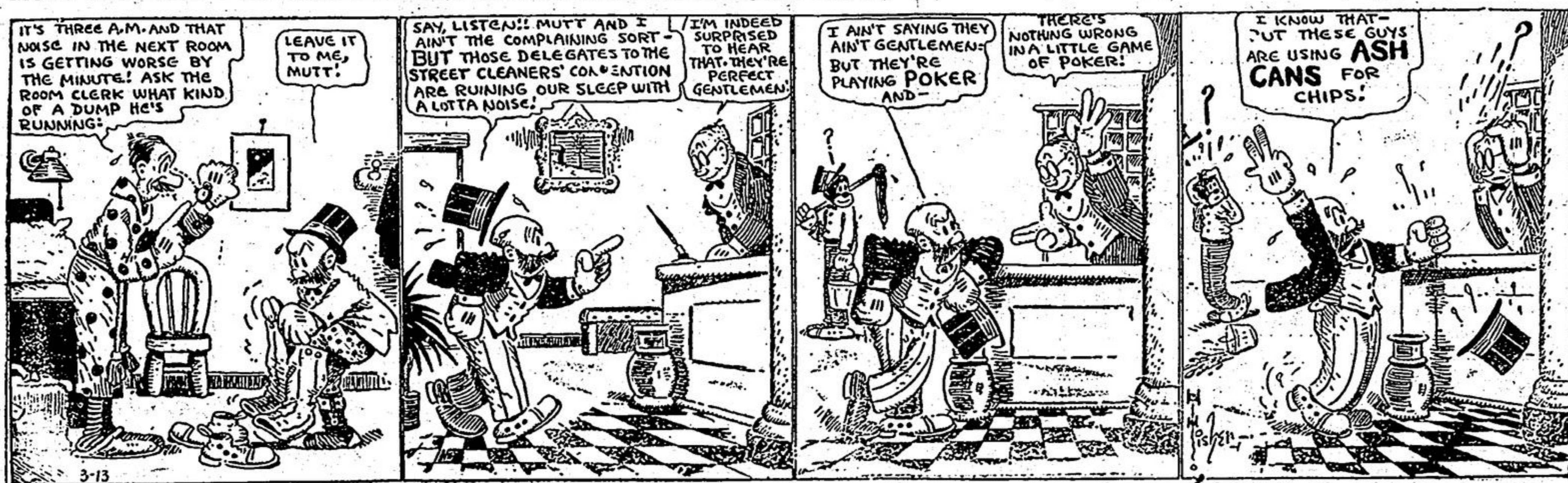
A gain of 89 per cent. in the area sown by collective farms is reported. On June 20 last this area reached 145,000,000 acres. The commissariat also claimed that more than 53 per cent. of all the peasant households in the Soviet Union are now included in the collective farms.

Night at Coney Island

These lurid fires that sear the midnight skies
Have withered up the ancient star-writ scroll
Whose magic legend darkness should unroll.
Now mimic galaxies enmesh the eyes
And weave a screen beyond which flash in vain
The awful visions that bereft of sleep
Chaldean sage, and made the wondering sheep
Of David roam unshepherded the plain.
But out beyond the pale of light,
The seas
Embrace the star words mirrored in their tide
And chant them in insistent, futile pleas
That heedless shores re-echo and hand
The sea subsides, but first with crooked hand
I scrawls a furtive message on the sand.

—Katherine McCornick.

MUTT AND JEFF—The Delegates to the Street Cleaners Convention Annoy Our Heroes.



By **BUD FISHER**